

## SEIZED BY A DEVILFISH

Desperate  
Plight of a  
Young Woman  
in the  
Mexican  
Gulf

THERE is a small island lying about two miles off the gulf coast, near Corpus Christi, in Texas, that can be reached when the tide is out by wading or riding a horse through the shallow water. It is a venturesome journey, and one that a man seldom makes without promising himself not to take the risk again. It is easy to maintain courage when one is near the coast or the island, but a feeling of loneliness and utter helplessness overcomes the venturer when the waves roll against the breast of his horse and the sea gulls fly about his head. He looks about over the vast expanse of water, and when he recalls that ships often pass where he rides and that whales have been stranded on that same bar and that porpoises, man eating sharks and monster devilfish are frequently seen there he makes an effort to increase the speed of his horse. Failing to impress the tired animal, he vainly endeavors to prevent his mind from occupying itself with heart thumps that can be heard above the lonesome lapping of the waves.

The island is a beautiful spot, eagerly sought by tourists, picnic parties and tired people who want to enjoy an outing. It is shaded by forest trees of luxuriant growth, from the boughs of which long strands of swaying moss depend seemingly to add the charm of gentle undulation to the surroundings in accord with the ceaseless motion of the sea. The earth is carpeted with soft Bermuda grass mingled with flowers of every hue. Countless swarms of tropical birds fill the air with song, while the wide beach is thickly strewn with curious and beautiful shells.

After a day's enjoyment in this lone-

Saltings was raised on the coast, and, being familiar with the denizens of the sea, he no sooner saw the slimy sucker than he recognized it as a part of a monster devilfish. While making an effort to get closer to the frightened girl the terrorized horse made a powerful struggle to shake his assailant loose, and, throwing himself upon his haunches, he reared up, dragging a portion of the body and his tangled mass of long arms out of the water.

"An octopus, a devilfish," shouted a dozen voices as those on horseback crowded to the rescue of their companion. Miss Flackman proved to be at home in the saddle or she would have been thrown from the back of the frenzied horse. She drew herself up into the saddle and called to one of her friends to come and take her on his horse. The horses scented danger, and, though the boys were lashing them with fury and driving their spurs into their flanks, they refused to approach their struggling comrade. Only a few seconds had passed since the attack was made, but the water was churned to foam and colored with blood that was streaming from the nose and mouth of the horse. It looked as if a dozen long, slimy reptiles were fastened about the head of the furious animal. The boys in the boat pushed the bow of their little craft close to the devilfish, and one of them began to strike it with an oar, while another made battle with a boathook. The enraged monster suddenly rose to the surface, spreading out a tangled mass of long suckers and emitting an inky fluid that colored the waters of the sea. Revolvers and guns were quickly brought into action, and the boys rained lead into the quivering mass of living devilry, which seemed to have no further effect than to lu-



THE HORSE REARED IN TERROR.

ly retreat a small party of young people who reside in the vicinity of Corpus Christi were preparing to return to their homes when Miss Fanny Flackman, a pretty girl who enjoys riding on horseback, concluded that it would be great fun to exchange her seat in the boat with one of the young men who had ridden a pony to the island. No one apprehended danger, as the sea was calm, and the young woman would have an escort of five or six well mounted young men at her side, and the party in the boat had promised to closely accompany her during the voyage.

Danger came in a way that had not entered their minds, and the pretty girl, after enduring terrors that would have paralyzed a less courageous mortal, narrowly escaped a horrible death. While they were slowly journeying through the water, laughing and singing, Miss Flackman's horse suddenly threw up his head, staggering and snorting as if frightened and hurt. The young woman jerked the reins and struck the animal a sharp blow with her whip. He made a powerful lunge forward, bellowing like a wild mustang, and as he made an attempt to rear up for another plunge two long, snakey looking arms shot out of the water by the side of his head. Realizing that some monster had attacked her horse, Miss Flackman screamed with terror, calling loudly for help.

John Saltings urged his horse speedily forward, thrusting out his hand with the intention of seizing the reins near the head of the struggling animal. Another long sucker darted upward and fastened itself in one of the rings of the bridle bit or perhaps against the nose of the horse.

crease its rage and cause it to lash the sea with some of its arms, while others were fastened upon the struggling horse. Finding that he could not force his horse close enough to be of service to Miss Flackman, George Judy, a valiant young rancher, drew his pocketknife and plunged into the sea. Seizing the imperiled girl about the waist, he drew her on his shoulder and was in the act of bearing her away when the floundering horse turned his head around, dragging the octopus so near that it lashed against his body and caused him to stumble. Regaining an attitude of defense, he found that an arm of the persistent devilfish was fastened about the screaming girl's ankle. His knife happened to be a good one, and a single forceful blow sufficed to sever the repulsive member of the monster's body. Other arms, vibrating with rage like the tongues of mad reptiles, shot about the convulsed waves, and in the midst of them appeared the head and great eyes of horror within a few feet of the rescuer's face. One can hardly imagine a man in a more frightful or perilous position. All the horrors of a battle and death beneath the waves as the devilfish slid along the bottom, with its victims in its grasp, toward some cavern flashed across the brave young man's mind, and he determined to make a heroic struggle to save himself and the pretty girl on his shoulders. His blade flashed, and at every stroke a tentacle fell, severed, upon the foaming sea. The monster squirmed and lashed the water, apparently little affected by the loss of several of its terrible weapons.

When the boat touched the heroic young man's side, he was almost ready to fall from exhaustion.

The horse shook the suckers loose from his nose, and as Miss Flackman and her valiant rescuer were assisted into the boat they saw the fragments of the octopus, still quivering with combativeness, slowly sinking about the hideous head and body.

## Tortured to Death By Yaqui Indians

The recent death by torture of "California Dan" Ryan at the hands of the Yaqui Indians in the state of Sonora, Mexico, is but another chapter in the bloody war which for years has raged between Indians and Mexican troops.

"California Dan" was an Arizona cowboy who had been made chief of scouts by the Mexican General Torres. Owing to the success of the chief of scouts the



THE TORTURE OF "CALIFORNIA DAN" RYAN.

Yaquis desired his death more than that of any other man excepting General Lorenzo Torres.

Last month General Luis Torres received from his brother Lorenzo a telegram asking for scouts. The dispatch was regarded as urgent, and "California Dan" and George W. Wilson, another American, were sent to join Lorenzo at Bacum.

When the scouts had made a turn in the road that led them from the escort, they were set upon suddenly by a band of Yaquis, and before they could utter a cry they were beaten over their heads by clubs in the hands of the Yaquis until they were unconscious.

After being gagged and bound to their horses they were taken by their captors to the Yaqui camp at Ontejuato, where they were tried by the Yaqui council of war.

"California Dan" was condemned to death. Wilson was acquitted in order that he might tell the Mexicans what had happened to "California Dan." Wilson was warned to leave Mexico.

At the execution grounds, in the presence of Wilson, the Yaquis with dull saws cut off the feet of "California Dan" just above the ankles.

After this they unbound him and told him to go back to Lorenzo Torres for duty.

By goading him they compelled him to walk beyond the intrenchments of Ontejuato.

In the bush, about 100 yards beyond the intrenchments, he fell and expired in great agony.

Next morning the Yaquis took the body of "California Dan" and bore it to the roadside. There they suspended it by the neck from a tree.

At this spot they released Wilson and told him to send Mexicans to cut down the body of their friend and give it a decent burial.

## NOT TO RIVAL LAND WIRES.

Marconi Says His System Is to Be an Aid to Existing Lines.

At this moment, when wireless telegraphy appears to be upon the threshold of practical commercial success, Signor Marconi makes a most important statement, says a special dispatch from Glace Bay, C. B., to the Philadelphia Press. He said in answer to a question the other night:

"No, I do not think our system will be a serious rival to either ocean or land telegraphy. I would say that it would eventually become an auxiliary to it and that the successful transaction of business over the sea will tend to stimulate cable business under the sea. It is possible that the fact of our system being cheaper may militate to some extent against the other, though I do not think it will to any great degree. This is a matter for the future and will depend wholly upon the success of our system. In Canada we work in conjunction with the Dominion government, making use of their land wires."

Very Strange.  
"Yes, we're engaged," said Mr. Sophist. "I recall very vividly now that the first night I met her I dreamed of kissing her. Strange, wasn't it?"  
"Yes," replied Miss Snapper; "I should think that would be the last thing you'd dream of."—Philadelphia Press.

## Cause of Mountain Meadow Massacre

The cause of the famous Mountain Meadow massacre, which has been much discussed of late, was told recently by Mrs. Major Tom Lannigan of Fort Smith, Ark. She was drawn into a discussion of the massacre through a recently published article and detailed what she declares was the true cause of the awful tragedy. She said:

"Prior to and at the time of the massacre my husband was the sutler at Fort Gibson. It was the custom of those days on the frontier to welcome all strangers. One day there came to the fort a man named McLane. He said that two years previously he was living in California and that he was happily situated and had a wife and two bright children.

"One day Mormon missionaries came to town, and his wife suggested that they go to hear them preach. He did not care to go, but told her that she might. She went that night and the next night and continued to go with such regularity that he remonstrated with her, but without avail. She spent much of her time in the company of the Mormon elders. He finally forbade her to go to any more meetings, and that night when he returned home he found his wife and two children missing. He also discovered that the Mormons had disappeared.

"Then he became convinced that his wife had been led astray by the Mormon faith and swore to be revenged. He started out to find his wife, and for two years he had followed them from place to place without being able to catch up. He had learned that they were moving in the direction of Fort Gibson and were so near that they would most likely arrive the next day.

"McLane's prediction came true. The next day a covered wagon containing the Mormon, who proved to be Parley Pratt, and Mrs. McLane and the children drove into the fort and were confronted by McLane. They placed themselves under the protection of Colonel Little, the commandant, who after investigating the matter decided that he was without jurisdiction and suggested that the parties at interest go to Van Buren and there have their differences adjusted by a civil tribunal.

"They expressed themselves as willing, and Colonel Little sent them to Van Buren escorted by a squad of soldiers. McLane made his complaint to a magistrate, and the case came to trial. Pratt contended that he had committed no wrong. Mrs. McLane had been converted to the Mormon faith, and under the rules of the Mormon church he had a right to seal her



THE MASSACRE AT MOUNTAIN MEADOW.

to him as his wife. To this method of marriage she was perfectly agreed. Mrs. McLane corroborated the Mormon, and the magistrate dismissed the case for what he considered cause.

"Pratt after being discharged got a horse and rode out of town. He was followed by McLane, who caught up with him, killed him and then cut his heart out, saying that only with the heart's blood of the destroyer of his home could there be compensation.

"When the Mormons learned of the manner in which Pratt had been disposed of, they swore vengeance on Arkansas, and there is no doubt that the leaders were apprised of the fact that there was to be an emigrant train to go overland toward California and that they lay in wait and butchered those composing it. There were only two escaped that killing, and they were babes. One of them, now an old man, is living in Arkansas somewhere.

"You know that the Mormons claim that the Indians were at fault, but that massacre was committed by Mormons dressed as Indians. There may have been some renegade Indians in the party, but the Mormons were the instigators and personally took part in the butchery. I have never seen the explanation of the massacre in print, though I have read everything pertaining

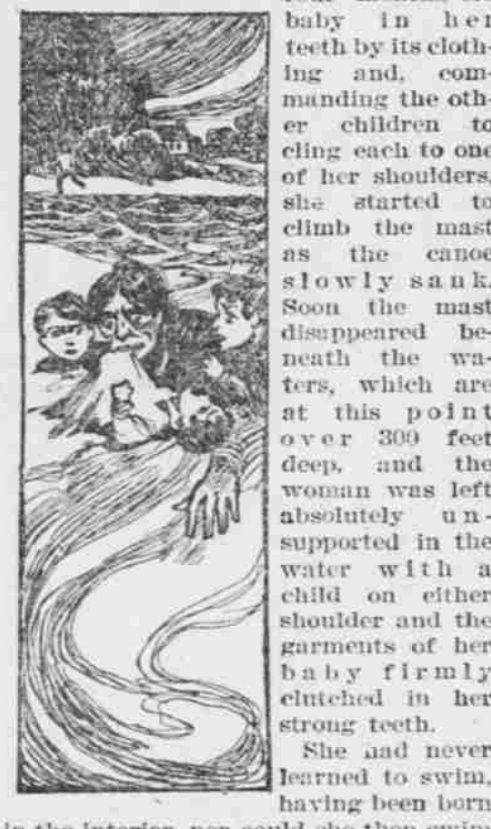
to it that has ever been printed, and you may set it down as a fact that the Mountain Meadow massacre was the Mormon retaliation for the killing and mutilation of Bishop Parley Pratt by McLane at Van Buren, as I have stated."

## Heroic Devotion of An Indian Woman

Mellie Hennius, an Indian woman of the Squamish mission, Vancouver, has just been awarded the medal of the Royal Humane society by the mayor of Vancouver.

Mellie Hennius, with her husband, Chief Harry, their three children and another woman, Kathleen, was going from Squamish mission to the north arm of Buzzard inlet on Nov. 30, 1901, in a sailing canoe. A sudden squall upset the craft. Mellie's husband, who had on a cartridge belt and heavy rubber boots, sank at once. The other woman soon followed.

On the first sign of danger Mellie, the Indian mother, had grasped her four-months-old baby in her



teeth by its clothing and, commanding the other children to cling each to one of her shoulders, she started to climb the mast as the canoe slowly sank. Soon the mast disappeared beneath the waters, which are at this point over 300 feet deep, and the woman was left absolutely unsupported in the water with a child on either shoulder and the garments of her baby firmly clutched in her strong teeth.

She and never learned to swim, having been born in the interior, nor could she then swim so much as a single stroke. Yet still, endowed by some superhuman power, she remained in those icy waters for nearly an hour, supporting her children and bravely struggling to reach the shore. She kept the heads of all above the water line, and it was from exposure that they subsequently died, and not from drowning.

The tide, which was running in at the time, kept carrying her farther away from the shore, in spite of her struggles to reach it, and her fate, as well as the fate of the little ones, would have been sealed had not the little son of Mr. Phillips, a rancher dwelling on the shore some little distance away, noticed the disappearance of the sailboat and the remaining speck on the water and directed his father's attention to the circumstance.

Some delay was caused in launching the boat to rescue the struggling woman by the state of the tide, which was then very low, so that it was fully an hour before the perishing, but heroic, woman was rescued, still clasping her three precious children, the youngest some minutes dead.

## WHISTLING POSTAL CARDS.

German Novelty Cause a Hunt For Birds in Mail Bags.

The whistling postal card in the foreign mail department of the general post office at New York was much in evidence the other morning when the mail that came over in the Cunarder Campania was opened, says the New York Times. There were hundreds of the whistling variety in the mail, and for probably an hour the uninitiated postal clerks were busy trying to find canary birds, jay birds and in several cases crying babies that the sounds that filled the room led them to believe had crossed the Atlantic in mail bags. The cards come from Germany and are about the same size as the regulation American cards. Where the message is to be written there are the pictures of two birds, one bird flying to the east and the other to the west. Between the birds, the whistle, which is a very small affair, is ingeniously inserted and emits its sound when the card is grasped.

## Sauerkraut For Soldiers.

Fashion in foods change with soldiers as much as with home keeping civilians. When our troops were first in the Philippines, the soldiers wanted mainly, especially chocolate cream, and tons of the stuff were shipped away. Now the soldiers are asking for sauerkraut, and the government, which always wants to gratify their taste when it is possible, is sending over great quantities of pickled cabbage.

## New Discovery of Diamonds.

A diamond discovery which is probably the most important since that at Kimberley has been made at Elandsfontein, says a special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune. Seven diamonds were found in three shallow holes.

Germany has been experimenting with the American system of checking baggage and likes it so well that it is to be more generally used on the railways. Under the old German system every man had to look after and identify his own baggage.

## THROTTLED BY A GHOST

Remarkable  
Experience  
Of a New  
Jersey  
Farmer

THERE lives in the town of Peapack, N. J., a man of sound mind who has seen and felt a tangible ghost. In fact, the specter throttled him. The man is Elmer Hill, a thrifty young farmer of Peapack, whose remarkable experience has startled the entire community.

In a straightforward, intelligent way Elmer Hill related the other day all that happened. He does not attempt to explain the cause of the strange proceedings, but he resents any insinuation that things were not as uncanny as he describes.

"I think I am a man of some sense, ordinary nerve and not a bit of hyster-



THE AWFUL OBJECT SEIZED HILL BY THE ARM.

ics," he said when he began his story. "I was married a few months ago and took this place, the Saunders farm, on shares. I knew it was a very old house and in a very lonely spot, but I never let that bother me until I moved in, and then we began to hear strange sounds all over the house."

Just here it should be explained that the house is the very spot one would pick out as the habitation of goblins. It is located in a most desolate spot, on an unfrequented road and surrounded by forests and barren fields.

All this would not be sufficient to arouse suspicion, for there are scores of such old houses in this locality, but since the alarming ghost story has set the community a-talking the old men there recall a strange tale that was told to them by their grandfathers. It is the story of a Frenchman named Berjeron, who lived in the house probably in the early part of the eighteenth century.

These old tales, which were forgotten almost a century ago and probably never would have been recalled had it not been for the modern ghost, related that the Frenchman was a retired buccannier who lived in the old house alone and was said to have taken in many unknown travelers who were never seen to go away. One of these stories is told of a foreigner—a young and apparently very wealthy man—who journeyed thither through the forests long before the Revolution with horses and a servant and inquired the way to the home of Berjeron. No one ever saw him after that.

"About a month ago," said Hill, Cook, my hired man, began to talk about the strange noises. He finally refused to sleep again in one of the rooms upstairs, because, he said, somebody walked about his bed nights, and he was frequently awakened by a sudden shake of the bed, as if some one was trying to waken him. I paid little attention to this, but my wife and I heard the noises and could not sleep well.

"One morning something happened that seems almost too absurd to tell, but if you had passed through it you would not laugh. I was going to get up early and had my wife set the alarm clock for 3 o'clock. She went down into the kitchen, and I turned over to take another nap. But before I fell asleep I heard some one coming toward the bed and thought it was my wife coming with a cup of water to throw in my face as a joke. I looked up, and there, coming from the corner of the room, was the most horrible looking object I ever saw. At first it was very dim. Then suddenly it seemed to spring to the side of the bed and grab me by the left arm. I sprang back, and the object disappeared absolutely, but there was a fearful pain in my arm. In an instant the object was there again. It was as large as two men and had a thin, bony face. It had the strangest looking covering over it I ever dreamed of. Again it disappeared, and I sank back into the bed dazed. When I went

downstairs, my wife asked me if I had heard the noises again. But I did not tell her then what had happened.

"The next night the strange noises were so loud that the hired man became alarmed and would not stay there. My wife and I left the room we were in and sat up the rest of the night. First would come a loud thump, thump right under our feet, then over our heads, then a sound like some one breathing very hard. That would come from a corner of the room or the chimney; then a strange sound, like a groan, way down in the cellar and the thump, thump again. Two or three times loud thumps came on the head of the bed. There would be a little lull, and then tramp, tramp, as if some one was walking over our heads. We took a lantern and ran down to the barn, and from there we could hear the noises quite plainly.

"The next day we left the house and went to the village to stay with my sister's husband. They laughed at us, and so the next night William Ludlow, my brother-in-law, his wife and Walter, Ludlow all went up to the house to stay. They can tell you what happened.

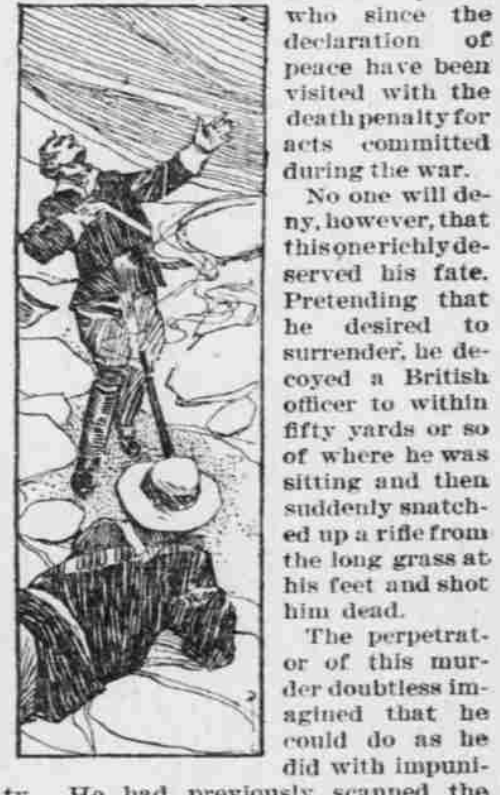
"The noises began again that night, and a little after midnight our old cat, which has been in the family for years, came tearing down the stairs screaming and with his fur all sticking the wrong way and his tail about twice its natural size. He went right through the window, and we haven't seen him since.

"Well, you can imagine that was a little too much. We men armed ourselves with sticks and searched the house from top to bottom, but not a thing did we find, but the noises kept up till daylight. When we were eating breakfast the groans and noises began again, and all of us just sat and stared at one another. My brother-in-law began to curse, and just then I saw the same horrible thing I had seen before standing in a dark corner near the chimney. I can't tell you how I felt, but it had such an effect on me that I fell to the floor in a faint."

None of the witnesses to the strange doings would admit that it was possible for any person to have been about the house engineering a ghost farce. They all searched the house and were confident no one was inside or near the house. Hill had all his chattels moved out of the place and cannot be induced to go near it again.

## Soldier's Perfidy Punished by Death

There was executed in the Transvaal a month ago a surrendered Boer, one of the very few



of the very few who since the declaration of peace have been visited with the death penalty for acts committed during the war.

No one will deny, however, that this perfunctory served his fate. Pretending that he desired to surrender, he decoyed a British officer to within fifty yards or so of where he was sitting and then suddenly snatched up a rifle from the long grass at his feet and shot him dead.

The perpetrator of this murder doubtless imagined that he could do as he did with impunity. He had previously scanned the veldt east, west, north and south, and he was quite sure that, save only his already doomed victim and himself, there was no one within sight of hearing.

But he had forgotten the range of the modern field telescope. From a distant kopje a solitary vedette saw through his telltale glass every detail of the tragedy—saw and, unperceived, crept up near enough to where the murderer was rifling the pockets of his victim to be able at a later date to swear to his identity.

North and South.  
North American—I am a Daughter of the Revolution. I suppose you do not have anything of that kind in your country.

South American—Oh, yes; but the revolutions are so common in our country it is considered vulgar to have any connection with them.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Quotations.  
In the window of the butcher shop hung half a dozen dressed rabbits. Dobbins (sticking his head in at the door)—What are you paying for cats now?

Butcher (without looking up from the package he was addressing)—Oh, about steen cents pur.—Kansas City Journal.